

## DOUBLE COURTSHIP.



care for me. Why will you not consent to become my wife?"

Dorothy gazed longingly across the distant hills and answered, hesitatingly. "Because I love somebody else."

"Then why did you not tell me this before? Why did you lead me blindly on to this proposal? I did not think it of you, Dorothy," exclaimed Horace, in tones that clearly betrayed his bitter disappointment.

"I could not tell you until you asked me, Horace," replied Dorothy, in tones whose plaintive tenderness evinced her utmost sincerity, "and can you doubt that I have acted honestly toward you?"

"Well," said Horace, "you have acted as if you cared something for me."

"And so I do," answered Dorothy, blushing slightly, as she dropped her glance furtively to the ground, then silently raising her deep brown eyes to meet her companion's rapt gaze.

"Do you really care for me then?" asked Horace, anxiously.

"Of course I do," said Dorothy, earnestly.

"But not quite so much as you care for some one else?"

"I did not say so."

"But you said you loved some one else and could not be my wife on that account," protested Horace.

"So I did, Horace," replied the beautiful southerner; "but I did not tell you who that somebody is, did I?"

"No, Dorothy, you did not. Who is it? I am anxious to learn the name of my successful rival, whom I congratulate in advance and to whom I say: 'Thou has won a jewel.' But tell me who it is."

Dorothy looked straight into her suitor's honest eyes and said: "My mother."

"Your mother!" gasped Horace, in blank astonishment. "Why should she wish to come between us? She knows nothing ill of me."

They had reached the brow of a lofty hill overlooking a picturesque valley through which wound a silver stream, murmuring its dreamy lullaby. It was early autumn and the thrifty Yankee farmers who dwell in the happy valley, which everywhere was dotted with their neat cottage homes, were busily bringing in the golden fruitage of their well-kept fields.

"Let us sit down here beneath the



SAUNTERED SLOWLY HOMEWARD, shelter of this great oak and rest," said Dorothy Gray, "and, while I enjoy this beautiful New England scene, I will tell you what you wish to know."

"You see, Horace, dear," she continued when they were snugly seated, "it is quite the same old story. Mamma has never got thoroughly over the remembrance of the losses our family sustained because of its loyalty to the southern cause during the late unpleasantness between the north and south, and you see you are—"

"A northerner," broke in Horace, epigrammatically.

"Yes," observed Dorothy, "that's the point. Mamma has never quite been able to forget her loss of property and wounded pride, and I am afraid she cannot do so now, even for our sakes. It is hard, I know, for you northerners folks to understand; you cannot, probably. Let us not talk about it, Horace. I am miserable," said Dorothy, breaking into tears.

"Then you really love me, don't you, dear?" exclaimed Horace, appealingly, as he kissed her tenderly for the first time in his life.

"Why, of course I do," said Dorothy, candidly. "But what can we do, darling? I am sure mamma will not relent. She will remind me that she sent me here to college and not to fall in love with—pardon me darling—a Yankee. But I love you, Horace, and I love mamma, too, and desire her sanction and blessing for our union. What shall we do, Horace, darling; what shall we do?"

"We will have to win her over, little girl," said Horace, "for I love you far too well to give you up."

"Oh, Horace, Horace, dear," Dorothy exclaimed, "I shall love you while I live; but I despair of ever being your wife. I would not be content to disregard mamma's wishes, even if she were dead."

"Rest assured that love will find a way," said Horace. "So long as you love me I will not give up. I have won your promise; now I shall have to court my future mother-in-law a bit. Some day I shall send you word: 'I have met the enemy and she is mine.' But come,

dearest, it is growing chilly; let us be going home."

The lovers arose and sauntered slowly homeward, hand in hand, in the deepening autumn twilight.

A few weeks afterward Towne received a pressing business call to the south, so, bidding his little sweetheart an affectionate farewell, he departed for an indefinite stay.

"Madam, have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Gray?" asked a handsome young man of perhaps 30 years as he alighted from his horse in front of a spacious, old-time southern residence. "You have, sir," returned the pleasant-faced old lady. "And whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name is Towne, madam, Horace Towne, if you please. I live at College-town, New England. I represent a northern company which is about to erect a large cotton mill near here, and I desire to enjoy your hospitality for a short time, madam, at whatever remuneration you may see fit to ask."

"Alight and come in," was the courteous reply. "We can probably arrange things satisfactorily. Sam (this to the grinning little negro boy who stood by) take care of the gentleman's horse."

Horace went in, threw off his mackintosh and heavy riding boots, washed and prepared for supper and made himself generally at home. He met his stately hostess again at the supper table.

"So you are from College-town, New England, are you?" she observed. "I have an only daughter there, in school, though I dare say you never met her, as she is too busily engrossed with her studies to do her duty by society."

"Ah! What did I understand you to say was your daughter's name?" inquired the artful Horace, apparently more out of courtesy to his hostess than genuine interest.

"Miss Dorothy Gray."

"What! Miss Dorothy Gray? Why, I am thrice blessed! Well, well, but I was always a 'lucky dog!' Madam, your accomplished daughter and I are quite well acquainted. She happens to board with my favorite cousin and we occasionally met. She has told us so much about her mother that I almost feel acquainted with you."

Mrs. Gray smiled pleasantly and Horace saw that his villainy was beginning to take effect. So he kept it up, with variations, making himself as pleasant and agreeable as possible, finding his own business and treating everybody—even the negroes—with respect, until Mrs. Gray declared that even if he was a Yankee, Mr. Towne was a perfect gentleman. But Horace took care not to hint of his relations to Dorothy. He knew better. He superintended the building of his mill and attended to his own business—he knew that he held the future well in hand.

By and by Dorothy came home from college to spend her vacation. She and Mr. Towne were friends, of course, and Mrs. Gray did not object to their being much together. They improved their opportunity and when, by and by, Dorothy told her mother that Horace had proposed Mrs. Gray joined their hands with her blessing and seemed as happy as they.

What the Teeth Can Tell.

"It is possible," said a well-known dentist, "for a medical man to tell more of the disposition and constitution of a person by the teeth than by any other part of the body. The first thing that an army doctor does when a man is brought up for enlistment is to look at his teeth. If they show any sign of decay it is evident that the man's constitution is delicate and his services as a soldier are immediately declined, even though he be in every other respect a perfect specimen of manhood. If the teeth showed but little signs of decay the man would be eligible for English service but for foreign service perfectly useless. Men with irregular teeth—teeth uneven and imperfect—are declined by medical men where there are arduous duties to perform. It is said to be a sign of bodily weakness. Another peculiarity noticeable in many persons is a spotted tooth. This is the tooth covered with dark specks and is usually found among persons of weak intellect; it is, in fact, a sign of insanity. Large teeth show braininess, more especially if they be regular. A set of perfect teeth is the surest sign of a good constitution."—Answers.

Camel as a Seapagoat.

A very curious use to which the camel is sometimes put among the desert tribes is related by a distinguished traveler. He tells us that he once saw one employed to appease a quarrel between two parties, much as the "seapagoat" was used in the religious rites of the Jewish people. The camel was brought out and accused by both parties to the controversy of all the injuries, real and imaginary, which they had suffered. All the mischief that had been done they laid upon the camel. They upbraided it with being the cause of the feud which had separated friends, reviled it with every opprobrious epithet and finally killed it, declaring themselves reconciled over its body.—Exchange.

Retribution for a Tatler.

A peculiar death has occurred at Galena, Minn. A young girl happened to see a newly married lady sitting on the lap of a man. The man was the lady's husband. The girl, in fun, told around that the lady was seen on a man's lap. The story came to the ears of the husband. He found the source of the story and gave the girl such a talking to that she was thrown into a spell of hysteria, from which she died the same day. The city has taken sides in the matter bitterly.

## POSED FOR A QUEEN.

Victoria Sat for the Face, While Miss Sully Supplied the Figure.

About two years ago a handsome old lady, Miss Blanche Sully of Philadelphia, visited Washington. She was the guest of her sister, the late Mrs. John H. Wheeler, 28 Grant place, that city. In 1837 this lady was a beautiful girl, and had an experience no other American girl ever enjoyed. Her father, Thomas Sully, America's greatest portrait painter, had been engaged by the Society of St. George and St. Andrew of Philadelphia to paint the portrait of the young queen of England, Blanche Sully, his daughter, accompanied her father on this interesting mission. Both were quartered at Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria consented to pose for the portrait until the face was finished. After that the royal robes were placed on the shoulders of Blanche Sully, and she stood for hours in the position as indicated in the steel engraving now in the possession of Col. Sully Wheeler of Washington, the grandson of Thomas Sully. This steel engraving was the original executed in London under the supervision of Sully himself, and was owned by that artist until he gave it to his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Sully Wheeler, for many years an honored resident of the nation's capital. Mrs. Wheeler had two sons, who now live there, Col. Sully Wheeler and Maj. Woodbury Wheeler. These gentlemen recall many incidents connected with the painting of this portrait, especially in connection with the queen's jubilee.

Miss Blanche Sully was then a charming girl, and the head of her, painted by her father, gives evidence of rare beauty and refinement. She found the coronation robes of the young queen a burden, weighing forty pounds, and probably became very tired of her gorgeous borrowed plumage, but when the task was done and her father's portrait was hung in the Royal Academy, a similar portrait was ordered for Buckingham Palace, and Queen Victoria gave Blanche Sully a splendid diamond signet ring and an autograph letter thanking her for the trouble she had taken. Sully received \$40,000 for the portrait he painted for the Society of St. George and St. Andrew, and was munificently paid for those he painted for his English patrons. After his return to this country he spent much time with his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Sully Wheeler, and during one of his visits painted a charming group, which represents Mrs. Wheeler with her two babies, now stalwart citizens of the District.

When the war began Sully Wheeler was in the United States navy and gallantly served his country throughout that memorable struggle. The other joined the Confederates and fought as bravely for a lost cause. They were again reunited after peace resumed her propitious sway.

Gen. Alfred Sully, the son of the artist, was a brigadier general in the Federal army and was frequently quartered at Washington. He was a graduate of West Point and a participant in the Indian wars, the Mexican war, and distinguished himself in several engagements in the late war, rising from the rank of captain to brigadier-general. Col. Sully Wheeler and Maj. Woodbury Wheeler own many splendid specimens of their distinguished grandfather's art. There is no finer collection of portraits in any one family connection in the District of Columbia. The flesh tints in Sully's portraits retain to a wonderful degree their original coloring. As the years go by his fame increases, and he is easily first among the American artists.

### Singular Optical Delusion.

Here is a singular illustration of the optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect. Take a row of ordinary capital letters and figures.

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shape.

Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now turn the paper upside down, and without any careful looking you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half.

### Cowboys of the Asphalt.

The cowboys and other dashing plains riders lean far over in their saddles and pick up, as they go dashing by, articles that they have dropped on the ground. So does the dashing bicycle rider of the city. Not on the boulevards, perhaps, where the crowds would scarcely permit, but on some quiet, asphalt paved block. There you may see a skillful and daring rider cast his cap upon the ground and then you may see him as he sweeps past it on his wheel bend over and pick it up without pausing in his flight. This before a small but appreciative audience of friends and neighbors sitting on the doorsteps and such passers-by as may happen that way.

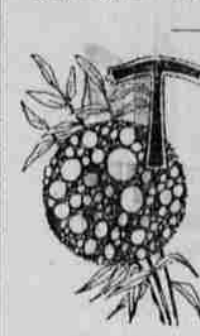
### A Daybreak Dance.

Texas is setting the pace in the social world now. A Louisville girl who has just returned from a visit in Corsicana, Texas, exhibits an engraved invitation for a dance to be held from 5:30 to 7:30 in the morning. Breakfast is served at 7:30 o'clock and the German takes place directly afterward. The affair is just as formal as a night entertainment, and while it lacks the glamor which attaches to the ordinary ballroom, it is certainly more enjoyable, if people must dance in the summer.—Ex.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A CART-ROPE INIQUITY" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Bible Text: Isaiah, Chapter 5, Verse 18: "Woe Unto Them That Sin As It Were With a Cart-Rope."—Vigilance Advised.



HERE are some iniquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime of their work, the man still stands upright, respected, and honored. These vermin have not strength enough to gnaw through a man's character. But there are other transgressions that lift themselves up to gigantic proportions, and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to sin as with a cart-rope. I suppose you know how they make a great rope. The stuff out of which it is fashioned is nothing but tow which you pull apart without any exertion of your fingers. This is spun into threads, any of which you could easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwound—then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox, or hold a ship in a tempest. I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A cart-rope in strength is that sin, and yet I wish more especially to draw your attention to the small threads of influence out of which that mighty iniquity is twisted. This crime is on the advance, so that it is well not only that fathers, and brothers, and sons, be interested in such a discussion, but that wives, and mothers, and sisters, and daughters look out lest their present home be sacrificed, or their intended home be blasted. No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say: "It has no practical bearing upon my life;" for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involved three worlds—earth, heaven, hell. There are gambling establishments by the thousands. There are about five thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten professing to be honest because they are merely the ante-chamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first-class establishments. You step a little way out of Broadway, New York. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter," and Dore's "Dante and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate, and viands, and wines, and cigars, sumptuous beyond parallel. Then you come to the second-class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks mixed with more poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short metre with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the river.

You go along a little further and find the polky establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle;" betting on three numbers is called a "gig;" betting on four numbers is called a "horse;" and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle," and mounting that "gig," and beholding that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange;" a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace, and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Now you acknowledge that is a cart-rope of evil, but you want to know what are the small threads out of which it is made. There is, in many, a disposition to hazard. They feel a delight in walking near a precipice because of the sense of danger. There are people who go upon Jungfrau, not for the largeness of the prospect, but for the feeling that they have of thinking "What would happen if I should fall off?" There are persons who have their blood filled and accelerated by skating very near an air hole. There are men who find a positive delight in driving within two inches of the edge of a bridge. It is this disposition to hazard that finds development in gaming practices. Here are five hundred dollars. I may stake them. If I stake them I may lose them; but I may win five thousand dollars. Whichever way it turns I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

Then there are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain. It is especially so with professional gamblers. They always keep cool. They never drink enough to unbalance their judgment. They do not see the dice so much as they see the dollar beyond the dice, and for that they watch, as the spider in the web, looking as if dead

until the fly passes. Thousands of young men in the hope of gain go into these practices. They say: "Well, my salary is not enough to allow this luxury. I don't get enough from my store, office, or shop. I ought to have finer apartments. I ought to have better wines. I ought to have more richly flavored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively. I won't stand this any longer. I can with one brilliant stroke make a fortune. Now, here goes, principle or no principle, heaven or hell. Who cares?" When a young man makes up his mind to live beyond his income, Satan has bought him out and out, and it is only a question of time when the goods are to be delivered. The thing is done. You may plant in the way all the batteries of truth and righteousness, that man is bound to go on. When a man makes one thousand dollars a year and spends one thousand two hundred dollars; when a young man makes one thousand five hundred dollars, and spends one thousand seven hundred dollars, all the harpies of darkness cry out: "Ha! ha!" we have him," and they have. How to get the extra five hundred dollars or the extra two thousand dollars is the question. He says: "Here is my friend who started out the other day with but little money, and in one night, so great was his luck, he rolled up hundreds and thousands of dollars. If he got it, why not I? It is such dull work, this adding up of long lines of figures in the counting-house; this pulling down of a hundred yards of goods and selling a remnant; this always waiting upon somebody else, when I could put one hundred dollars on the ace and pick up a thousand."

Many years ago for sermonic purposes and in company with the chief of police of New York I visited one of the most brilliant gambling houses in that city. It was night and as we came up in front all seemed dark. The blinds were down; the door was guarded; but after a whispering of the officer with the guard at the door, we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table, finding eight or ten men in mid-life, well-dressed—all the work going on in silence, save the noise of the rattling "chips" on the gaming-table in one parlor, and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other parlor. Some of these men, we were told, had served terms in prison; some were ship-wrecked bankers and brokers and money-dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice—but all intent upon the table, as large or small fortunes moved up and down before them. Oh, there was something awfully solemn in the silence—the intense gaze, the suppressed emotions of the players. No one looked up. They all had money in the rapids, and I have no doubt some saw, as they sat there, horses and carriages, and houses and lands, and home and family rushing down into the vortex. A man's life would not have been worth a farthing in that presence had he not been accompanied by the police, if he had been supposed to be on a Christian errand of observation. Some of these men went by private key, some went by careful introduction, some were taken in by the patrons of the establishment. The officer of the law told me: "None get in here except by police mandate, or by some letter of a patron." While we were there a young man came in, put his money down on the roulette-table, and lost; put more money down on the roulette-table, and lost; put more money down on the roulette-table, and lost; then feeling in his pockets for more money, finding none, in severe silence he turned his back upon the scene and passed out. While we stood there men lost their property and lost their souls. Oh, the merciless place! Not once in all the history of that gaming-house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers at the game. Sir Horace Walpole said that a man dropped dead in one of the clubhouses of London; his body was carried into the clubhouse, and the members of the club began immediately to bet as to whether he were dead or alive, and when it was proposed to test the matter by bleeding him, it was only hindered by the suggestion that it would be unfair to some of the players! In these gaming houses of our cities, men have their property wrung away from them, and then they go out, some of them to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeiter's pen, and so restore their fortunes, some resort to the suicide's revolver, but all going down, and that work proceeds day by day, and night by night. "That cart-rope," says some young man, "has never been wound around my soul." But have not some threads of that cart-rope been twisted?

I arraign before God the gift enterprise of our cities, which have a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Whatever you get, young man, in such a place as that, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul, and a robbery of the community. Yet, how we are appalled to see men who have failed in other enterprises go into gift concerts, where the chief attraction is not music, but the prizes distributed among the audience; or to sell books where the chief attraction is not the book, but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put money into their papers, so that the purchaser of this tobacco in Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent gratuity. Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what, until you open them and find they contain nothing. Christian men with pictures on their wall gotten in a lottery, and the brain of community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. Oh, young men, these are the threads that make the cart rope, and when a young man

consents to these practices, he is being bound hand and foot by a habit which has already destroyed "a great multitude that no man can number." Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity; and some of you remember at the close of our Civil War how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did these men who had charge of those gift enterprises care for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity, which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young men, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen your appetite for games of chance. Do one of two things; be honest or die.

I have accomplished my object if I put you on the look-out. It is a great deal easier to fall than it is to get up again. The trouble is that when men begin to go astray from the path of duty, they are apt to say: "There's no use of trying to get back. I've sacrificed my respectability. I can't return," and they go on until they are utterly destroyed. I tell you, my friends, that God this moment, by his Holy Spirit, can change your entire nature, so that you will be a different man in a minute. Your great want—what is it? More salary? Higher social position? No; no. I will tell you the great want of every man, if he has not already obtained it. It is the grace of God. Are there any who have fallen victims to the sin that I have been reprehending? You are in a prison. You rush against the wall of this prison, and try to get out, and you fail; and you turn around and dash against the other wall until there is blood on the grate, and blood on your soul. You will never get out in this way. There is only one way of getting out. There is a key that can unlock that prison-house. It is the key of the house of David. It is the key that Christ wears at his girdle. If you will allow him to put that key to the lock, the bolt will shoot back, and the door will swing open, and you will be a free man in Christ Jesus. Oh, prodigal, what a business this is for you, feeding swine, when your father stands in the front door, straining his eyesight to catch the first glimpse of your return; and the calf is as fat as it will be, and the harps of heaven are all strung, and the feet are all dancing. There are converted gamblers in heaven. The light of eternity flashed upon the green baize of their billiard-saloon. In the laver of God's forgiveness they washed off all their sin. They quit trying for earthly stakes. They tried for heaven and won it. There stretches a hand from heaven toward the head of the worst offender. It is a hand, not clenched as if to smite, but outspread as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love—eternity—has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no iron-bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion. Its waves are the hosannas of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thundering salvo of eternal victory. But alas for that man who sits down to the final game of life and puts his immortal soul on the ace, while angels of God keep the tally-board; and after kings and queens, and knaves, and spades are "shuffled" and "cut," and the game is ended, hovering and impending worlds discover that he has lost it, the far-bank of eternal darkness clutching down into its wallet all the blood-stained wagers.

### Mother's Dying Words.

(By J. F. O'Haver, Harrodsburg, Ind.) During a round of pastoral visits, I called at a country residence, and before I left read a passage from the Bible and had prayer. Contrary to my custom, I concluded to read the first passage at which my Bible opened, which was the 103d Psalm. As soon as I began to read the lady of the house began to weep, and continued to do so throughout the reading and prayer.

Upon rising from our knees, she burst into tears, and told me the first words of that psalm were the last words of her mother on earth, and that she died in that very room, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. I learned she had not been to church for many years, but I notice she has been regular in attendance since.

Who will say that a mother's saintly life is soon lost, or that the Spirit does not lead his servants?

### A Brother's Love.

Little Jennie disobeyed her mother one day, and she made her leave her play and go and sit for an hour in the corner.

Her little brother was very fond of his sister, and he was so sorry for her that he asked his mother to let him sit in Jennie's place and let her go and play.

Their mother allowed him to do so. After a little he said:

"Mamma, am I not like Jesus?"

"Why?" said she.

"Because I am suffering in Jennie's place."

"Yes," said mamma, "and you do it because you love her, don't you?"

Jesus suffered once and for all, for us. But we are always like him when we suffer or deny ourselves for others.

Nothing makes us so much like Jesus as to forget ourselves and live to make somebody else happy.

Some men forget their sins so easily that they are often amazed and hurt when others remember them.